



### *Seals Make Good Skin Divers*

Harry Goodridge, Rockport skin diver, trains two baby seals to swim with him wherever he goes. Someday he predicts the seals will show him an aquatic trick or two. To feed the animals milk, he dreamed up "Sadie," an

artificial mother. "Sadie" is a hollow log covered with crepe rubber. From a hole in the rubber protrudes a syringe. The seals are growing rapidly on this diet. (By Staff Photographer Moore)



# Waldoboro Marine Biologist Collects Anemones, Important To Scientists

By MARION GENTNER  
Correspondent

WALDOBORO — Despite these cool fall days Donald E. Stewart, Waldoboro marine biologist, is busy gathering marine life such as sea anemones for scientists, schools, colleges and museums.

Sea anemones, known as metridium, are shell-less forms of life which attach to rocks and piers, send forth long slim tentacles in search of food and have the ability to withdraw the tentacles inside themselves and snap them shut instantly when disturbed. The sea anemone's body and nervous structure are important in the study of biology.

Harry Goodridge of Rockport, professional skin diver employed by Stewart, goes to the ocean's bottom to get the anemones at Lincolnville Beach.

Stewart is the only known marine biological collector in this area. A native of Michigan, he always has been interested in biology. After World War II he traveled pretty much of North America and chose the Maine Coast as a place to settle. He purchased a small laboratory here about 14 years ago and has been here ever since.

**STEWART DOES** marine botanical assaying for Marine Colloids, Rockland alginate extraction company. On a recent "sea hunt" for the anemone at Lincolnville Beach Norman Stanley, chief chemist of Marine Colloids, and Prof. Harold J. Humm, marine biologist of Duke University, Durham, N.C., watched skin diver Goodridge use an ordinary tablespoon to remove the scallop-consistency sea anemones from pilings and rocks around the Islesboro Ferry Terminal.

Stewart says he has found them in marketable quantities for school and science laboratories at Pemaquid, Rockport Harbor and East Boothbay.

The metridium margination type anemone Goodridge is diving for is a very colorful specimen at the bottom of the sea. There are shades of pinks, reds, oranges and even white. Stewart



Stewart checks out diver Goodridge . . .

art describes them as "looking like a bed of flowers."

They lose their color going through various stages of preservation before shipping to scientific outlets.

**THE SEA ANEMONE**, for best use in the laboratory, should be in its opened state, with "tentacles" extended. When gathered, the tentacles are pulled inside. At Stewart's home laboratory he has designed a process whereby they open out to normal state before being preserved and shipped.

How come such an unusual business?

Before the turn of the cen-

tury college professors did their own specimen collecting for classroom work. In recent years, school and college enrollment has increased to the point where professors can no longer take time to do collecting. So they get specimens through collectors like Stewart.



. . . who'll come up with sea anemones



# MAINE'S HARBOR SEALS



**L**AST summer, federal agents charged Rockport's Harry Goodridge with violation of the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 for keeping his famous seal, Andre, in summer confinement. Goodridge contended that Andre had been in his custody for a decade before the law was enacted. Senator Bill Hathaway, stepped into the breach, making the point that Andre had spent the winter in the New England Aquarium in Boston and, when released, made the swim home to Rockport on his own. "Andre appears quite content with his summer residence in Rockport," the Senator stated, "and I believe in this instance the good of the public as well as the seal would be served if Andre is permitted to decide for himself where he will live."

The confrontation between the big bad Feds and an innocent harbor seal, the darling of the community, was no contest: Andre won by technical knockout. In the highly emotional fluster one comment was noteworthy for its cool appraisal of the case. "Heck," a Maine biologist said, "the government should have commended Harry. Because of him and Andre at least a few people on the coast have come to learn what an intelligent and engaging creature the harbor seal is."

It is certainly true that even among Maine coastal people little understanding or knowledge of this most

common of marine mammals exists. Perhaps the harbor seal's very commonness has contributed to this lack of appreciation. Ever-present on the summer scene in our bays and estuaries, these sleek, bewhiskered creatures tend to be taken for granted. Thanks to Rockport's Andre, thousands of people have discovered that a harbor seal is well worth getting to know.

The common or harbor seal is a member of the order *Pinnipedia* ("the fin-footed ones") which includes four groups of marine mammals: sea otters, manatees, whales and dolphins, seals and walruses. The whales and dolphins are exclusively marine; the other three groups rest and bear their young on land and enter the sea primarily in search of food.

Of the four seal species found in Maine only the harbor seal is a resident. The gray seal, easily recognizable by its greater size and massive head, is summer transient: the harp seal and hooded seal are rare visitors.

The harbor seal (*Phoca vitulina*) is associated with bare outer or near-shore ledges, and prefers those with low profiles that are almost or entirely covered at high tide, and removed from boat traffic lanes. Though harbor seals are non-migratory, they do disperse in winter months when fish stocks become scarce. Year after year, they return in the spring to the same ledge



fact attested to by the hundreds of "Seal Ledges" that appear on coastal maps and charts. These mammals form loosely gregarious groups at low and half-tide, but become more or less solitary when entering the sea to forage.

There is no reliable information on the historical abundance of harbor seals in Maine waters. Certainly they were plentiful despite the hunting pressures of early Indians who prized them for their flesh and skins. David T. Richardson, a Maine Marine Resources Commission biologist who conducted an aerial survey a few years ago, places the present Maine harbor-seal population in the 7000-9000 range, with the highest concentration east of Casco Bay.

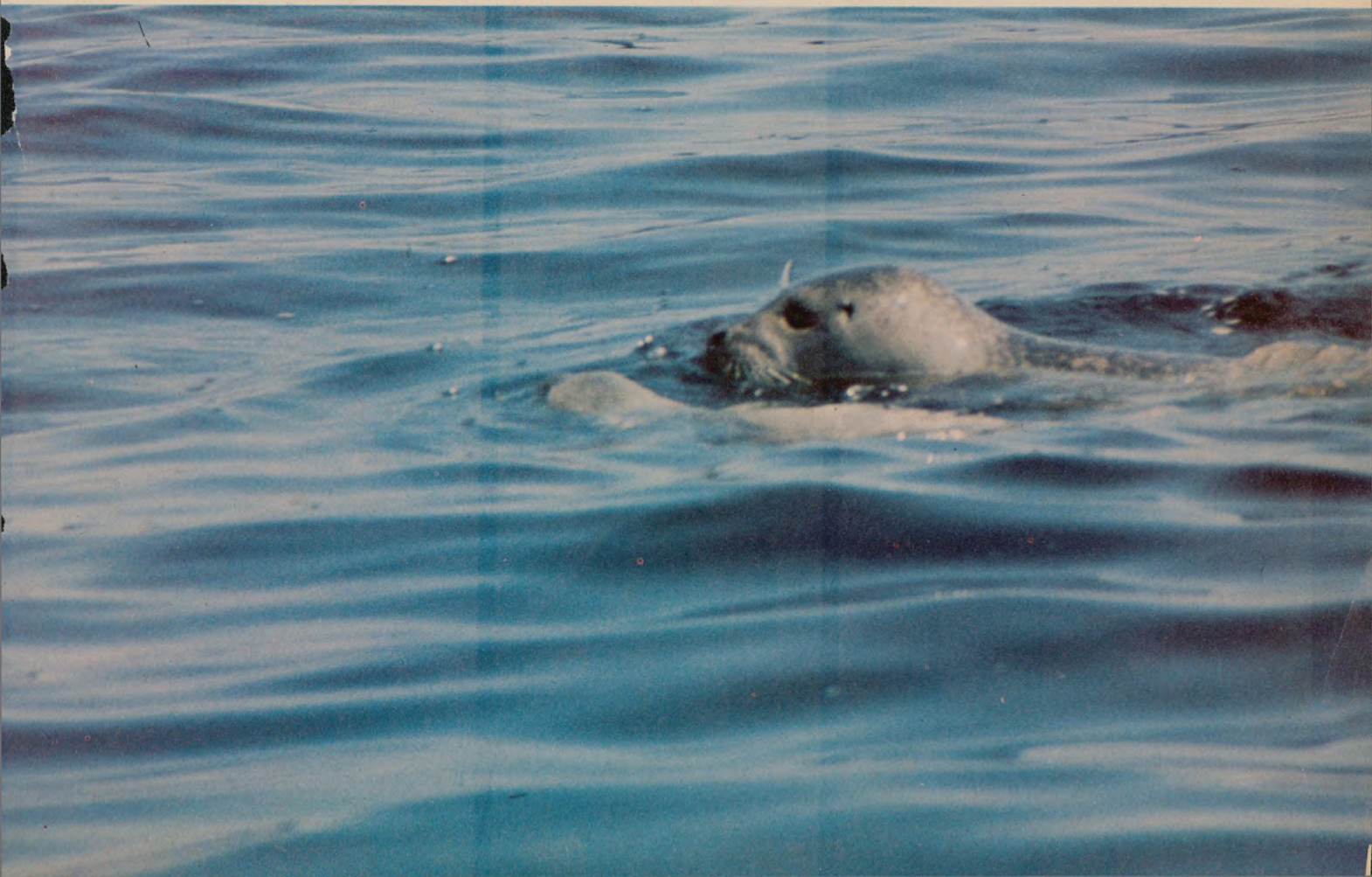
Though of no great commercial value, these seals have been harassed along our coast for generations. Many have been destroyed by fishermen convinced that seals eat too many fish and that fish are exclusively for people. And despite the fact that lobsters have never been found in a harbor seal's stomach, some Maine lobstermen are inclined to include this pinniped among the causes of the declining lobster stocks.

In 1900, in response to pressures from fishermen, the state established a bounty on the harbor seal. Town clerks accepted seal noses as evidence of destruction and paid out one dollar per nose. The Passamaquoddy Indians, living as they were at a subsistence level, very nearly exterminated the species at the eastern tip of Maine in a desperate effort to eke out their meager incomes.

Over a period of five years, the state paid almost \$25,000 in bounties. Investigating what appeared to be a highly inflated figure, the authorities discovered that the canny Indians were practicing conservationists. Treated with a hot iron and a little clever crafting, one sealskin was sufficient to fabricate a dozen or more "noses." The bounty was rescinded in 1905, but the harbor seal remained unprotected until 1972 when the Federal Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed.

The harbor seal is a widely distributed species, inhabiting coastal regions over much of the Northern hemisphere. In Europe its range extends from Portugal, along the Atlantic coast, to northern Norway; and westward around the British Isles, Iceland and Greenland. On the west North American coast, harbor seals range from Baja, California, to Alaska; on the east coast, from Baffin Bay southward to a latitude slightly north of New York.

This sleek, flippered Maine resident should not be confused with the so-called "trained" seal of zoos and circuses, which is an eared seal or sea lion. These restive and noisy cousins of the harbor seal stand erect on their large flippers and are capable of rotating their rear flippers forward, giving them fair mobility on land. The harbor seal, lacking this talent, is markedly clumsy out of water. Once in the sea though, the harbor seal is matchless — and beautiful to behold. Unlike the sea lion that uses its foreflipper for propulsion, the harbor seal snugs its fore flipper to its body and drives with its hindflippers. Streamlined as a teardrop, the harbor seal







is capable of reaching in a matter of seconds a speed of fifteen knots from a passive position.

On the East Coast of the United States, harbor seals breed only in Maine and adjacent waters. It is during the whelping season that fishermen and boatmen become most aware of these gentle-eyed mammals with whom they share the bays. This is a busy time for sealdom. Maine harbor seals regroup in May and early June in the region of their birth, the cows to drop their young and, then, in what may appear to be unseemly haste, to accept a mate. The synchronization of these two essential functions solves the very practical problem of opportunity. Whelping, courtship and mating are accomplished within a few weeks when members of the seal colonies are foregathered.

Since the harbor seal's gestation period is something less than a full year, nature has made another adjustment in order that the whelping season comes at approximately the same time each spring. This is effected by the physiological device of delayed implantation. The fertilized ovum begins to develop immediately after mating, but, when it reaches an early embryonic stage, becomes dormant, floating freely in the uterus. Weeks or months pass before implantation to the wall of the uterus occurs and the growth process continues. The cow seal normally drops but one pup; on the rare occasions of dual births one pup is usually abandoned.

The puppyhood of a harbor seal is mercifully brief, for the helpless pup is woefully vulnerable to predation. Sharks are the main villains, though it is suspected that black-backed gulls take a toll of newborn seals. Except from man, the mature harbor seal has little to fear but that machine of destruction, the great white shark.

**T**HERE is no better time than spring to get to know these beguiling residents of Maine ledges. The pups are wary yet incorrigibly curious. Commonly, boatmen may be treated to a close-up of a pup as it pops up off a boat's bow. "Who are you, you funny creature?" friendly eyes seem to say. One may be sure that its watchful mother is nearby to warn her charge not to approach too closely.

The harbor seal is beautifully adapted to the chilly northern waters in which it lives. The insulating property of a thick layer of fat under the skin prevents excessive heat loss, and what loss occurs is compensated for by a fast metabolism. The seal's thin flippers would be vulnerable to freezing were it not for the arrangement of blood vessels. This network provides that the warm blood flowing into the flipper passes very close to the outgoing flow of blood. The mean temperature of the flipper's blood is maintained at a lower level than the rest of its body; heat is not wasted in an effort to keep the flipper warm but only to prevent it from freezing.

Though the seal is an air-breathing mammal, it doesn't breathe as we humans do in regular inspirations and expirations. Its nostrils close after taking in air and remain closed until more oxygen is required. No one is quite certain how long seals can go without air, but they have been observed resting on the bottom for as long as fifteen minutes with no signs of stress. Millions of years of evolution account for the seal's adaptability to his sea environment. Oxygen is stored in the blood, and the seal carries one and a half times more blood than a like-sized land animal. Further, when a seal dives, its metabolism slows down, the heartbeat dropping from 150 beats per minute to roughly ten. As soon as the animal is submerged, automatic reflexes shut off the blood flow to all but the most essential organs, further reducing oxygen consumption.

The body of scientific literature on the sensory organs of the harbor seal is slim. We do know that this pinniped's vision is keen, and that it sees equally well in



or out of water, an all but unique talent; we know, too, that it possesses an incredibly keen sense of smell and hearing. Although the outer ears are closed when submerged, sounds are registered along the tube that leads from the outer ear to the eardrum. These "normal" senses, keen as they are, fail to explain the seal's uncanny capacity for long-range location and identification. Whales and porpoises communicate and locate food by echolocation, but there is no solid evidence that harbor seals are endowed with this capacity. In any event, an echolocation capability wouldn't account for the creature's talent for identifying and locating objects at distances of a mile or more.

Harry Goodridge, whose close relationship with seal Andre over a period of fifteen years should qualify him as an expert, tells this story. Some years ago he set off with a group of friends to dive for scallops off Ram Island, leaving Andre dozing on the wharf. Andre was still dozing when the boat cleared the first point of land. When the men reached the diving site four miles away, one of the company went overboard to explore the bottom. Surfacing fifteen minutes later, he saw off the boat's transom the familiar whiskered face. Andre's love affair with divers was well-known: a diver had only to enter the water in that area before Andre would join him.

"Until that day," Harry says, "I had assumed that Andre always happened to be nearby whenever he showed up by a diver in the water. Now it became clear that a seal possesses some equipment science knows nothing about. Andre was miles from our diving site that day, yet he came directly and unerringly to the area."

Somewhat later, Harry Goodridge had a demonstration of Andre's short-range location and identification system. The seal, frolicking in the harbor one afternoon, stopped to rest a moment, assuming its typical natant position, eyes exposed, whiskers trailing in the water. Suddenly he stiffened. In a flash he went into a dive and came up 70 feet away with an alewife in his teeth. At the time, the harbor surface had been speckled by a shoal of feeding mackerel. Andre wasn't particularly fond of mackerel, but he loved herring, and the alewife belongs to the herring family. It struck Harry that the seal's whiskers serve as finely tuned sensory receptors. Andre's vibrissae had picked up a message which had been transmitted to his brain. From a wide range of stimuli his trailing whiskers had sifted out the message, not only of the presence of fish but his favorite fish. The question of what a seal's whiskers tell him has not yet been fully explored, but there is little doubt that they are important and sophisticated structures.

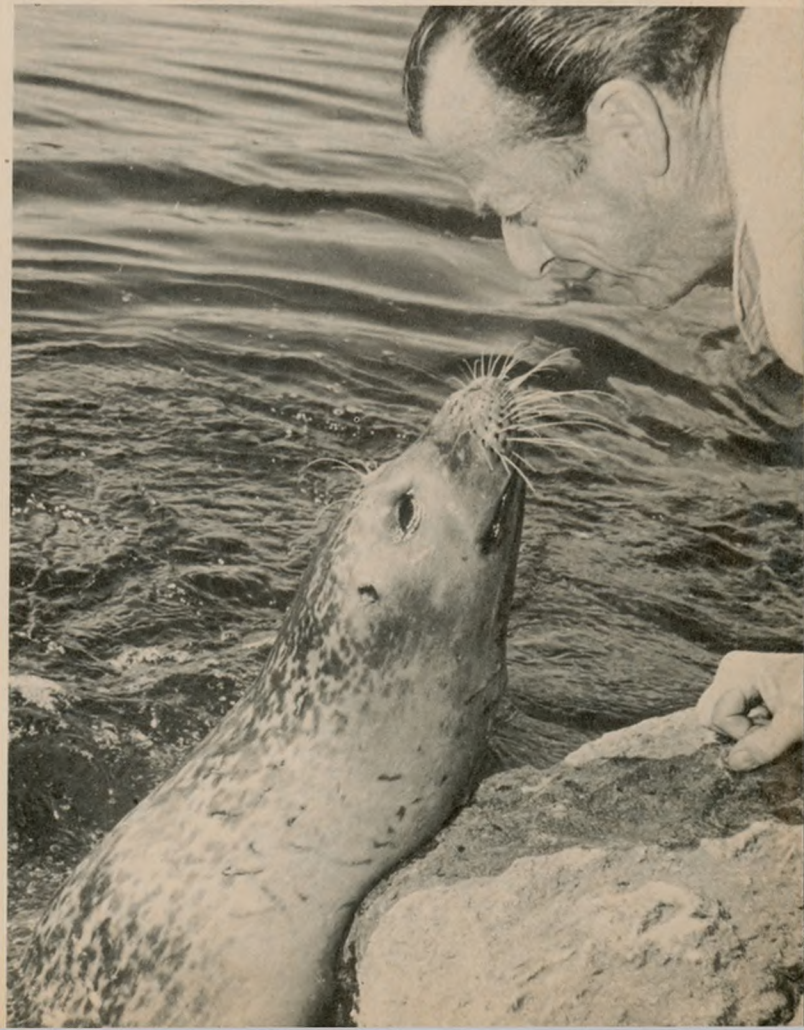
And certainly the blind seal of Penobscot Bay offers clinching evidence that the harbor seal doesn't depend upon its eyes to locate and identify food. For years, fishermen have noted that sightless matron basking on the ledges. Each spring she is seen with a healthy pup, testament enough that she is little handicapped by her sight disability.

How long does a seal live? This is the most frequent question asked of Harry Goodridge in the course of a summer. Little is known about the life expectancy of a harbor seal in the wild. One in the Aquarium at Tacoma, Washington, lived to be thirty-three, and a number of confined harbor seals have reached the age of twenty-five. Whether a normal life span in its natural habitat might exceed this is difficult to ascertain. Certainly the seal leads a relatively easy life compared to the grim and unrelenting struggle in which land animals are engaged. Such a life might account for his amiable and easy-going disposition.

Seals, along with whales and dolphins, are re-entrants. When life was beginning at the edges of the sea, the seal's ancestors wandered up the rivers and developed on land, only to return to the sea some millions of years later when competition for food became harsh.

In his book *The Immense Journey*, naturalist Loren Eiseley made the whimsical comment that the octopus is the wisest of mollusks and that it was just as well for all of us that they did not choose to come ashore. We need have no fear that the harbor seal might embark on such an evolutionary adventure. This easy-going *bon vivant* of Maine bays and estuaries is far too merry and wise to forsake the sea to which he is so ideally adapted.

*Andre and trainer Harry Goodridge, photo by Jim Moore. Lew Dietz' book, A Seal Called Andre, will be published soon.*





hopes) he'll be swallowing whole fish.

Stangely enough, the earlier seal, Basil, never did care about catching fish in the water for himself. He liked to be waited on. It's Goodridge's hunch that the seal pup only learns to catch fish by watching the mother and imitating her. He sadly admits that he personally can't help out in that department not having mastered the trick of catching fish in his teeth.

Actually, not much is known about the habits of seals in their natural habitat so by now Goodridge is one-up on most scientists. He will tell you that a seal sometimes goes to the bottom and stands there on his tail and takes a catnap. It's his guess that a seal hyperventilates his lungs by taking short breaths and can stay under for as long as 28 minutes. Seals are usually born singly but twins are not rare. In the case of twins the seal mother will abandon one pup and concentrate on bringing up the other.

Goodridge is convinced that the

great blackback gull kills and eats baby seals. One day he saw a blackback standing by as though waiting for a seal mother to abandon a young pup. Seals can be happy out of water for as long as a full day. Seal pups seem just as at home in fresh water, but after a while fresh water seems to irritate their eyes. According to Goodridge, the harbor seal is every bit as intelligent and responsive to training as the eared seal (the so-called sea lion most frequently trained for circus acts). However, he's convinced that the porpoise is the most intelligent animal in the world — not excluding man.

"Some day," Goodridge says, "I'm going to get me a porpoise. I've got a tank all ready."

What does his wife, Thalice, think about having a seal in her family? "It's wonderful," she says. "I've been through years of bringing up children and rolling out of bed for that four o'clock feeding while Harry sleeps. Now he crawls all over me."

Sept 15, 1961

**SKIN DIVER**  
**MAGAZINE**



## **MAINE: KNOX COUNTY BLUE FINS SCUBARAMA:**

Six members of the club were invited to participate in the annual Togus VA Sport Show in the VA center pool. They demonstrated removing and donning all equipment of the bottom, buddy-breathing while in motion, rescue of an unconscious diver from the bottom, and many other diving feats.





## Shark Alley

SOME of our recent summer visitors felt that there was something fishy in the extraordinary number of sharks (of the finny variety) sighted and caught this past season in the Knox County coastal area. Tuna fishermen were harpooning the man-eaters right and left through July and August when eight of the fearsome fish were taken near "Shark Alley" off Mark Island, in Penobscot Bay. One locally-famed shark hunter, Harry Goodridge of Rockport, had to battle a nine-footer which tried to make off with his boat. The creature, with three harpoons in him, was still alive when Goodridge brought him into the dock. Three shark's teeth embedded in the boat's outside layer of plywood, partly ripped off by the fish, provided proof of the unusual attack. Nevertheless, some lifelong fishermen in the area said that sharks were no more numerous this year than in other years; there simply happened to be more people who spotted them.

However, one cynical city slicker of our acquaintance loudly proclaimed that, in his opinion, the many schools of sharks had been taking lessons from Maine's various Vacationland promotional agencies. He said that the only thing lacking along this section of coast was water warm enough for average swimmers to enjoy. "Having heard the bloodcurdling screams of people who felt that they'd lost both legs and arms by immersion in Penobscot Bay waters," he argued, "I figure it's a face-saving stunt to warn would-be



lighthouses there and sharks lurking nearby. Only thing that producers may be doing there around Mainem and agreed to make the sharks to make the plot realistic!"



# Marblehead's Seal May Be Sea Lion

Historic Marblehead may be harboring a delinquent but highly prized pet.

The pet is the town's stellar off-season attraction, dubbed Josephine.

Josephine may really be "Candy" Sheridan, a Long Island mammal who didn't take time to wave a farewell flipper at her owner, Al Sheridan of Island Park, L. I., when she got wanderlust one balmy day last September.

Sheridan heard about the Salem News account of the seal-skinned Marblehead newcomer and promptly suspected it was none other than Candy.

## \$50 REWARD

In an air mail, special delivery letter to Salem News business manager Leonard F. Willey of Beverly, Sheridan offered \$50 for the capture of his pet.

He explained that Candy actually is a California sea lion and he last heard about her when she was spotted off the New Jersey coast just before Christmas. Then she was gone.

"She is very friendly," he said in the letter received today. "She is about four feet long, weighs 60-70 pounds—maybe more now."

"She has a white scar on the bottom of the left front flipper. She is 17 months old."



CANDY?

## WILL BITE

Sheridan said he "would like to offer a \$50 reward if she is caught and caged" but cautioned that she "probably will try to bite the person involved . . . she has to be netted or lured into a baited trap cage."

He wrote that Candy is not a true seal since she has "external" ears and the rear flippers can be turned under and forward for moving about when ashore. When wet, she is dark brown to black but when dry, light brown with a dark brown stomach.

The Marblehead mammal caused considerable speculation because seals visiting there in the past had generally been much darker.

Her appearance made itself felt as far south as the State House where Ipswich's representative filed a bill seeking repeal of the \$5 bounty on seals. This bill was scheduled for a hearing next week.

## FORBID SHOOTING

Marblehead officials also looked into their laws and announced that anyone shooting within the town limits would be violating an ordinance to the tune of \$20.

Meanwhile, Josephine, alias Candy (or vice versa), in between swims, continues to bask in the sunshine on the rails at the former site of the Boston Yacht club in Marblehead. And the fishermen dig into their barrel of redfish to feed her. And she doesn't give the least hint of being homesick.

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# Child Drowns At North Haven

Sunday Telegram News Service  
NORTH HAVEN—Five-year-old Steven Hopkins drowned Saturday when he slipped from his father's wharf into Penobscot Bay. A skin diver found the boy's body under a float two hours after he was reported missing.

The youngster, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hopkins, disappeared shortly after the morning ferry had arrived at 10:30 a.m.

A search was made on the island. The Rockland Coast Guard Base dispatched its 40-foot tugboat, and Rockport skin diver Harry Goodridge was flown to the island.

The search was concentrated around the wharf when the youngster's mittens were seen floating in the water. His body was recovered by Goodridge about 1 p.m.

The youngster often played around the wharf where his father operates a fish business and owns the Island Realty Co. The house is about 150 feet away.

The Hopkins have three other sons.

PORTLAND & SUNDAY TELE

OCT-29-61

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# 'The Heat's Off' -- So Josie's Back to Sun Bathe at 'Head

MARBLEHEAD, Jan. 31—Josie's back in town.

The people-loving seal ended her five-day absence when she hauled her sleek form out of the 34 degree waters of Marblehead harbor to loll on the ways at the foot of State street.

Josie, darling of the commercial fishermen and star off-season tourist attraction, just happened to disappear after the Salem Evening News published an S.O.S. for her capture last week.

Coincidentally, she returned one day after the paper ran another front-page story calling off the hunt. Her would-be owner, Al Sheridan of Island Park, L.I., had retracted his \$50 reward offer after seeing her picture and realizing she wasn't his long-lost California Sea Lion.

Once Josie decided the coast was clear, she made the most of it. She lolled shamelessly on the ways where she generally sunbathes.

Beter than any town crier, she barked the news of her re-

turn and the crowds began to gather.

Among the first to spot her were Philip Clark, manager of the Marblehead Transportation Company; Robert Cuzner, veteran fisherman, and Mrs. William Brown of Glover street whose daily schedule includes a visit to the seal with her three young children.

She, along with Clark and Cuzner, are charter members of the Marblehead Seal Watchers society. They all say they have received reports "on highest authority" that Josie "tried Swampscott but didn't like it."



# Skin Divers Fail To Find Navy Hydrographic Instruments

ROCKPORT — Harry Goodridge and his son Steven, members of the Knox County Blue Fins Skin Divers Club, made a dive off Glen Cove Friday for the U. S. Navy Hydrographic Office.

The purpose of the dive was

to recover instruments which had been sunk in 60 feet of water one quarter mile off shore and marked with a buoy. The instruments were to measure the rate of barnacle growth in connection with mines. The cable holding the buoy had rusted off, leaving the platform containing the instruments unmarked.

The Goodridge team was towed under water behind a Coast Guard boat in the area where officials believed the instruments to be. The 150 pound Danforth anchor, valued at about \$160 which had held the platform in place, was recovered, but the instruments were not in the area.

Goodridge believes that a scallop dragger may have tangled with the equipment unknowingly, and hauled it away. The search has been abandoned.

On Tuesday the Goodridge team recovered an outboard motor lost off a boat by Evans and Philip Grant, in 40 feet of water in Rockport outer harbor.



# TWIN BABY SEAL PETS

*Boston  
Daily Record  
June 3--61*



**CHARLES GOODRIDGE**, Salisbury skindiver, with pet twin seals. Silky and Satin, which he found off the coast of Maine. Like his uncle, who has another pair, he decided to raise them as pets. They made a lot of friends when he brought them to Plains Kindergarten School, to show to classmates of his daughter, Debbie. He takes them into the water twice daily.



ANDRE

## Skin Diver's Buddy

**Pet seal sleeps standing on his tail on the bottom, hyperventilates his lungs and stays down 28 minutes.**

By LEW DIETZ

**H**ARRY Goodridge, Rockport tree man — skin-diver — has finally solved the buddy problem. The first rule for safe SCUBA diving is never go diving alone. Now that Harry has Andre he's got all the underwater palship he wants. All he has to do is whistle.

Andre is a harbor seal and the latest to become a member in good standing of the Goodridge menage which consists of his wife, Thalice, five kids, two dogs, six mallards. There have been pet skunks, pet squirrels, robins, sea gulls, geese, to say nothing of cats and hound dogs, so Andre's recent advent didn't make a ripple in the normal state of confusion.

Besides, a pup seal is nothing new to the Goodridge house. There have been nine — count them — nine: Mark, Basil, Cecile, Ruth, Hazel and a few others that shall be nameless. Andre, who was captured in Penobscot Bay this spring a few days after he was born, flaps about the house, bawls for his supper and sleeps cozily in the cellar. When it's time for his twice-daily swim in the harbor a clap or a whistle from his master brings him undulating.

"When I go into the woods," Goodridge says, "I like a dog with

me. When I go into the water, it's nice to have a seal."

Last year there was Basil, an endearing character who liked to rub noses with his master underwater and play hide-and-seek in the seaweed. Basil's sudden death in the jaws of a shark sent the village into mourning.

What happened with this. Goodridge, cruising in his powerboat one afternoon off Mark Island with Basil for company, suddenly saw blood in the water and then a shark's dorsal. He looked behind him and saw that Basil was gone. The pup seal apparently had decided to take a little dip in the sea. It was his last. Goodridge harpooned the shark (a thirteen-footer) and towed him in. Inside the killer's stomach was Basil — in two neat pieces.

Young Andre is doing his level best to take Basil's place. He's smart and lively and eats his dinner (five feedings a day) without any nonsense. Goodridge, after some experimentation, devised an ingenious ersatz seal mother. It is a short length of log banded with rubber and fixed with a depressed nipple. The formula: egg yolks and evaporated milk, plus vitamins. Soon Andre will be

(Cont on page 7)



**SKIN DIVER** Harry Goodridge is a member of the Knox County Bluefins. He has added marine work to his regular tree business. The seal dives with him.



"WHEN I GO into the woods I like to have a dog with me. When I go into the water, it's nice to have a seal," says Harry.

**FIVE FEEDINGS** a day is what Andre wolfs down. Although the seal has teeth, he never uses them for eating, swallowing fish whole.

